

The Tragidie

If euer he haue wife let her be mad,
As miserable by the death of him,
As I am made by my poore Lord and thee.
Come now towards *Chertley* with your holy load
Taken from *Paules* to be interred there:
And still as you are weary of the waight,
Rest you whiles I lament King *Henries* coarfe.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. Stay you that beare the coarfe, and set it downe,

La. What blacke Magitian, coniures vp this fiend
To stop deuoted charitable deeds?

Glo. Villaine, set downe the coarfe or by Saint *Paul*,
Ile make a coarfe of him that disobeyes?

Gen. Stand backe and Let the coffin passe,

Glo. Vnnanner'd dog, stand thou when I command,
Aduance thy haibert higher then my brest,
Or by Saint *Paul* Ile strike thee to my foote,
And spurne vpon thee begger for thy boldnes.

La. What do you tremble, are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not for you are mortall,
And mortall eyes cannot endure the Diuell.

Auant thou fearefull minister of hell,
Thou hadst but power ouer his mortall body,
His soule thou canst not haue therefore be gone,

Glo. Sweet Saint for charity, bee not so curst.

La. Foule diuell, for Gods sake hence and trouble vs not,
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell:
Fil'd it with cursing cries and deepe exclames,
If thou delight to vew thy hanious deeds,
Behoid this patterne of thy butcheries.

Oh Gentlemen see, see dead henties wounds,
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh,
Blush, blush, thou lump of foule deformity,
For tis thy presence that exhals this blood,
From cold and emptie synes where no blood dwels.

Thy deed inhumane and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this deluge most vnnaturall,

Oh Ood, which this bloud mad'st, reuenge his death:

Oh earth which this bloud drink'st, reuenge his death:

Either heauen with lightning strike the murtherer dead,

of Richard the T

Or earth gape open wide, and eate him
As thou didst swallow vp this good King
Which his Hell-gouern'd arm hath bur

Glo. Lady, you know no rule of ch
Which render good for bad, blessings

La. Villanne, thou knowst no law
No beast so fierce, but knowes some t

Glo. But I know none, and therefore

La. O' wonderfull when deuils te

Glo. More wonderfull when Ange
Vouchsafe deuine perfection of a wom

O these supposed euils to giue me lea
By circumstance but to acquit my self

La. vouchsafe defused infection of
For these knowne euils but to giue me le

By circumstance to curse thy cursed se
Glo. Eairer then tongue can name t

Some patient leasure to excuse my selfe
La. Fouler then heart can thinke th

No excuse currant, but to hang thy self
Glo. By such dispaire I should accu

La. And by dispaire shouldst thou
For doing worthy vengeance on thy sel

Which didst, vnworthy slaughter vpon
Glo. Say that I slew them not.

La. Why then they are not dead:
But dead they are and diuclish slaue by

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

La. Why then he is aliue.

Glo. Nay he is dead and slaine by E

La. In thy foule throat thou liest. Q
Thy bloody faulchion smooking in his

The which thou once didst bend against
But that my brother beat affide the poy

Glo. I was prouoked by her slander
Which laid her guilt vpon my guiltlesse

La. Thou wast prouoked by thy bl
Which neuer dreamt on ought: but but

Didst thou not kill this King?

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